

The St. Joseph's Collegian

Collegeville, Indiana.



April, 1932

To The Alumni

The infallible criteria of the value of men, machines, and institutions are their productions and achievements.

St. Joseph's is proud of its Alumni and extends them an affectionate Welcome.

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April 15, 1932

Volume XX

Number Seven

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SAINT JOSEPH
Patron of the Universal Church

The St. Joseph's Collegian

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THE WAIL OF THE MOUNTAIN WIND

Robert Nieset

Strange and fantastic are the legends built upon medieval superstitions. Among the most strange, perhaps, are those of Scandinavia. They are sombre tales of human fears and hates combined with an uncanny or preternatural interpretation of some strange phenomenon. Among the most human and most tragic is a fateful tale of love based on the superstition that should one sell one's soul to the devil, one would receive in return a wax image of a victim against whom one sought revenge. The image would burn for three days, and as it was consumed, the person of whom the waxen figure was an effigy would sicken and perish.

The legend came to my attention in the little village of Christholm in Norway where I was staying for the winter. When on cold nights the wind swept down from the mountains with a particularly mournful wail, the people observed to one another that old Brodax was riding in the mountains again. Sensing some story behind the saying, I inquired about it and was informed that Broadax rode in the mountains bewailing and lamenting the death of his only son centuries ago. Broadax had been a mortal man, but grief had driven him from the haunts of men to seek the fellowship of trolls. He never forgot his sorrow, and on cold nights—which were particu-

larly reminiscent of the catastrophe—he moaned and sighed so loudly that he could be heard in the village below. The old ancestral castle in which his son had died was pointed out to me, as also was the old home of the maiden who wrought his death.

The story itself seems to date back to the thirteenth century. At that time, Broadax, an ancestral noble, lived with his only son in the high old castle that looks down on Christholm. The boy, Jarl Broadaxson, handsome, vigorous, robust, was much favored by his father, Aye! Broadax would gladly give his life for his son. Yet, all a father's love could not fill the void that the absence of a mother leaves in a son's heart. Not that Jarl mourned his mother; she gave her life that his might enter the world, and Jarl had never known her. But the even temper and the gentle guidance that a mother alone can afford; the passionate throbbing of a spirited being; that delicate balance of sentiment that only a mother can achieve in an emotional child; that precision and control Jarl never acquired. And he needed it. His was a soul of finest grain, of keenest temperament, and strongest sentiment. The ingenuous strain of his blood and his environment conspired to make it such. An over-indulgent paternal love, the father's fond references to his mother, an inborn appreciation of his mother's sacrifice, in such an atmosphere Jarl's character was shaped.

Life is subjective; it is what one thinks it is, which in effect means that life is associated memories. The kind of association and organization one gives his memories determines his personal equation. The Norwegian, introvert that he is, is most likely to arrange pathetic or tender memories and experiences in such a way, that should they predominate, they lead him either to morbid self-immolation and

pity, or to a rather erotic romanticism. The danger of becoming morbid Jarl successfully staved off. But on the thread of an erotic chivarly he did string his exquisite beads of memory. This possibly resulted from Jarl's physical activity, his fondness for sport, for hunting and riding—and his passion for riding brought to him a consuming passion that was to cost his life as well as the lives of others.

It was an evening in spring—majestic spring with its wealth of beauty and its recall of the ebb and flow of life, its renewal of the mysteries of nature, and its promise of blossoms and fruit. Jarl, with utter abandon to the subtle forces of the evening, was riding homewards. Rejoicing that the fetters of winter were broken, he had gone for a jaunt on his horse. Now he would ride slowly, dreamily; then fired by some wild caprice he would force his mount to a wild burst of speed. On one such swift dash his horse threw a shoe, and Jarl, some distance from home, knew at once that to proceed would cripple his horse. A prosperous landowner, at whose smithy his horse could soon be shod, lived not far from the scene of the accident, and thither Jarl led his steed.

He was but slightly known to the master of the farm, Arne Ericson, but was received graciously nevertheless. Arne showed him to the smithy where he soon replaced the lost shoe. Leaving the smithy Jarl passed the dairy house, and in passing encountered Selma Arnesdatter.

Selma was a maiden of striking appearance, a beauty somewhat unique. Her features were not classic but were markedly characteristic. Rather tall, very well proportioned, she stood the incarnation of the dreams that had accompanied Jarl throughout the balmy spring day. Rumor of the comely

Selma had reached him in the village, but he had not thought to find such a white throat, such blue eyes, deep, still as peaceful pools in the calm twilight, such majestic bearing as had the maiden before him.

At the unexpected meeting Jarl's gallantry suddenly deserted him. He was struck. Slowly he became himself, but the girl was going her way, and so must he. On the ride home, his thoughts dwelt much on the meeting. He resolved that there should be more such meetings; he could easily find some little excuse to take him out to the Eric's lands. He even thought of asking his father or some of his father's friends to speak to Arne Ericson for him and fix a time when they might gather for a betrothal ale. But no! Jarl would prefer to be the first to tell her of his love. He would first seek her heart, and then her hand.

The spring time blossomed into summer and summer ripened into early autumn.

Jarl and Selma were standing near the dairy house. In his hand Jarl held the rein of his impatient steed. He was embarrassed, Selma was sad. It was Selma who had suggested that they take their farewells at the place where they had first met. Now as she lifted her still blue eyes to Jarl's he felt some imponderable weight press upon him. He loved her dearly, and from the depths of her liquid eyes he could read the answer of her soul. Happy days! those from that subtle evening in spring until today. But there would be more happy days when he returned. As it was, he must now go to Sweden. He had spoken to his father about asking troth of Selma, but his father—perhaps pardonably ambitious for a royal match for his son—answered that Jarl should see somewhat of the world before the duties of husband and father bound him to his hearth-stone.

So now, in the shadow of the dairy house Jarl was telling Selma that he would go to Sweden at his father's insistence, but that when he should return, his father's friends would arrange with her father that their troth might be plighted. The maiden blushed somewhat, for the custom held that she should hear all these things through her father, yet her heart rejoiced that she and Jarl could speak together, and it was saddened because of the delay and parting. Should she have nothing but words of Jarl's to pore over while he was gone?

But no! Jarl wore at his belt a little bone-handled knife. It was beautifully carved, yellow with age, a relic that the knights of his house had cherished through the ages. The knife had hung from the belts of Vikings, had cut meat in Norman France. It was a symbol of the spirit and valor of the line from which he sprung. In their days together Selma had toyed much with it; she had been fascinated by the many wondrous legends woven about it which Jarl could recount. Now as she saw it at his waist, it seemed somewhat of a symbol of their summer's happiness. Jarl, divining her thought drew the knife from its sheath, kissed the blade, and offered it to her. For a lingering moment their eyes met again, their hands touched as she accepted the token. Then Jarl was on his steed and away.

Nearly two years of tender memories and fears had passed. Again it was an evening in spring. Selma stood alone by the dairy house; the look of her eyes deepened in sorrow. Today she had heard from her father that the young Jarl Broadaxson who used to stop in occasionally was returning home. His lately betrothed lady with her people would follow within a week. Old Broadax, too weak to travel to Stockholm, had requested Jarl to bring his maid to

Christholm that he, Jarl's father, might wait upon the marriage ceremony.

"And the bride to be?" had questioned Selma.

"A young widow, as they have it at the village," her father had answered, "a princess from some Swedish house."

These things and all the happy memories of other days Selma pondered as she stood now on the scene of her farewell to Jarl. She did not weep, though she said to herself, "If I grieve not with tears, then my grief will consume me." Not a tear dimmed her eyes, but suddenly their depth seemed to decrease. They became wide, livid, glowing as if a fever suddenly touched her. Her muscles grew tense; stiffly, defiantly she turned from where she stood and walked away.

Jarl arrived at Christholm shortly before his betrothed and her party. They made ready at once for a magnificent celebration. All the countryside was invited to have ale at the castle and celebrate the "two made one." Arne Ericson and his wife were to be there; Aye! everyone would be there for the castle above Christholm had been long without a mistress.

On the day of the wedding, Arne and his wife, together with several of the neighboring landowners, set out for the village. Selma had asked to remain at home, and Arne, knowing somewhat of her feelings for Jarl in days gone by, understood. As the guests were gathering for the ceremony, the wind veered back to the north. The men expressed fears that winter might not yet be broken, that a sudden storm might rout the pleasantness of the early spring. During the service, the wind increased in violence. At the "Deo Gratias," nevertheless, most of the guests, including Arne and his wife, proceeded from the church to the castle on the hill.

The Norwegian, when it comes to weddings, prescribes many details of the celebration in which the guests figure prominently; and the sturdy Norse are always eager to participate in the joyous event, especially after the jailers of winter have withdrawn their icy barriers. But on this occasion the jailers with their barricade of ice and snow conspired to make the revellers in the castle their prisoners. As the day lengthened, all the furies of the untamed north burst upon Christholm. The blizzard made it impossible for any of the wedding guests, living but at a little distance, to return home. For the most part this caused no worry among the men, for they were chiefly of the landed class and had servants in plenty to care for their farms and animals.

Back in the great-room of Arne Ericson's house, a drama fittingly accompanied by the raging storm was taking place. Selma was executing the plan that had come to her as she stood by the dairy house the evening she heard of Jarl's change of heart. At the very hour when Jarl and his bride were making their vows at the altar, Selma was bartering with the Prince of Darkness. With Jarl's knife she pricked her finger to draw the blood for signing her contract with Satan. And when she had signed over her soul to his everlasting fire, she received from him a waxen figure of Jarl. She placed the figure over a warm hearth stone to melt away.

Immediately after the ceremony Jarl began to pale, and as the day grew old he became weaker and weaker until the menfolk urged him to bed. The night passed; and even as the snow-bound guests kept watch at Jarl's bed, he sank lower, lower. The sickness was mysterious beyond the knowledge of all present.

The second day came and dragged along wearily.

The bride was nearly frantic with grief; old Broadax paced the floor in nervous desperation. Even on the second night did the guests plead in vain with the bride and father that they should seek some rest. On the third day it appeared that the entire house would be distraught, but in the morning the storm abated much, and the quieting of the wind brought some relief.

Toward evening of the third day, Jarl, weakened and emaciated almost beyond recognition, feebly signed his father and bride to approach. The others he asked to withdraw. Then to the two he told of Selma and the love that once was theirs. He told them that it was Selma who now held the terrible spell over him. He knew that pleading need must be in vain, yet perhaps, should his father and bride seek Selma out, she might forgive and relent. So the bride of three sad days and the father of three score years accompanied by a trusted friend of Jarl's set out secretly from the castle on their clearly hopeless mission.

It was a bitter fight through the snow and wind, for with the coming of evening the storm had re-kindled its wrath. But at last, only a short hour before the last melting wax should proclaim to Selma the hour of Jarl's death, the three arrived at their destination. While their escort repaired to the servant's quarters, Broadax and Jarl's wife, sought Selma. They found her crouching on the floor before a blazing hearth and the melting effigy. Her glazed eyes seemed to be lit with a demoniacal glee, yet she was sobbing.

She listened to the father's prayer. She heard him beg for the recovery of the pride of his many years, his son. She heard of Jarl's terrible pain, how his body suffered as before a flame, as also his

soul that could not be freed. To his final plea that for, the love of God she come with him to his son's bedside, she answered only,

"Fire will forgive me, as I forgive him."

Precious time was slipping. The continuous roar of the wind nearly drowned the voices of the tragic figures in the fateful drama. The image in the hearth, thin now and nearly wasted, seemed to turn a blood red.

The unhappy bride was pleading. She, widowed before, told of the pangs of grief that sweep the heart of a woman that loses the husband of her youth. Then came Jarl to heal her wounds. Must he now be snatched away? Aye! Taken from her almost at the altar? Could she never taste the joy of life?

Selma remained silent. The image melted. A torrent of wind flung open the door. With a little cry Selma drew Jarl's knife from the folds of her garment and pierced her own heart. The woman, twice a widow, feeling the blood that sprayed from the wounded heart, swooned.

Broadax, crazed by the intense tragedy, stalked forth into the storm. And the legend says that the trolls came and bore off the mad Broadax, and that even now when the fierce winds sweep from the north, Broadax can be heard to moan and bewail the untimely death of his son, his pride and his joy.



April Showers

Francis Watzek

Two little Clouds, on one Spring Day
Went flying through the sky;
They flew so fast; they bumped their heads,
And both began to cry.

Then Father Sol looked down and said,
“Now never mind, my dears,
I'll send my little fairy folks
To dry your falling tears.”

One fairy came in violet,
And one in indigo;
In blue and green and orange red,
They made a pretty show.

They wiped the cloud tears all away;
They stole the moisture sly,
And in the light the Sunbeams made,
They hung their gowns to dry.

A PLEA FOR SILENCE

James Pike

To know how to bridle one's tongue at just the right moment is an art, that in social affairs, exceeds in value all commendations for witty remarks and Solomonic judgments. "Speech is silvern; silence is golden" may well be characterized as a truism that hardly finds excuse for repetition; and that, because it is a trite, platitudinous, old saying, such as we of the present day would be glad to bar from our hearing by a good wadding of cotton tightly packed against our ear drums. But somehow, old things do not want to vanish from the scene. Old people live long enough to recall them, old monuments keep them alive, and old histories always find their way into later editions, if for no other reason than to keep the "old" within the reach of the memory of man. Of course what is golden is well worth preserving, be it in the nature of the real or the ideal.

As a matter of fact there is something golden about discreet silence. Its worth may not swell our bank account, but it may swell the esteem of ourselves in the minds of others. The saying, "O, si tacuisses, philosophus mansisses" is a sufficient warrant for this statement. How much to the point would it not be for many a presumptuous orator, both on platform and at the microphone, as well as for many a facile pen-pusher who broadcasts silly articles in newspapers and magazines, to take the meaning of this Latin expression seriously to heart! But these stentorian balderdashers never will take anything like silence to heart. They are too ridiculously important to keep under their hats, or better yet, under their skull bones what in reality is nothing more or less than an annoyance to the public. Was it not an annoyance to the public to see Congress

going into session last December with loud vociferations about five thousand bills none of which had anything to do with the great and most problematic bill, the universal depression? A thoughtful silence bestowed upon urgent affairs would have met with greater welcome on the part of everybody in this our one-time glorious country.

Ringling the doorbells of thought, as so many writers in magazines do at present, only to be greeted with an angry mien on behalf of the reading public, is another instance that calls peremptorily for silence. Surprising it is beyond what any exclamation could express to find that magazines which should devote themselves to the solution of genuine social problems, turn in fact to considering freakish problems that have no value for anybody, and are intended merely to capture this or that dull-headed reader—a creature whose instincts incline him to one thing only, and that is to taste the draff of human existence as paraded in the discussion of vicious sex-problems. Not knowing what they are talking about is the outstanding characteristic of these magazine editors and scribblers. If only their education would allow them to look a little deeper into human life, they might reach deep enough to meet with the saying of the old Arabians, "Wisdom is made up of ten parts, nine of which are silence, and the tenth, brevity of tongue." Perhaps, outside of studying grammar and rhetoric for the sake of using correct language, they would do well to read a little more widely, and in that event they would surely have hit upon the following motto taken from Shakespeare:

"Have more than thou showest;
Speak less than thou knowest."

"Talking," says Oliver Wendell Holmes in his 'Autocrat at the Breakfast Table,' "is like playing

on a harp. There is as much in laying the hand on the strings to stop their vibrations as there is in twanging them to bring out the music." If a person's effusion of thought is to resemble the tinkling of silver, a sound that usually arrests the ear by its sweetness, then that thought must have been subjected to the same process by which silver is clarified. The crucible and fire are here to the purpose. What these are to the purifying of silver, intensive silence and keen reflection are to thought. Unless thought has been carefully cleansed of irrelevancies its sound in words will be as harsh and displeasing as are the discordant notes that come from an instrument struck by an untrained hand. Who would not prefer silence to a disturbing noise; and who would not prefer silence to the jargon of spoken or written words that do nothing less than insult the common sense of the reader or hearer? How truly does not Euripedes state the problem in the following lines:

"Our miseries do not spring
From houses wanting bolts and locks,
But from unbridled tongues."

Shakespeare has Polonius say to Laertes, "Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice." In society, is it not just the man who shows little inclination to talk whom people generally will credit with doing much deep and hard thinking? The garrulous fellow, the self-advertiser, will usually find little respect for his opinions. Even newspaper reporters are warned to stay shy of interviewing him. But the man of silence, barring of course imbeciles of whom there is no question here, is the person whose thoughts count, for he commonly has a philosophy of life that is worthy of attention. When he speaks

it pays to listen, and his words are no infringement on silence. Should he write, there will be present a glow of much artificial light that was formerly characterized as smell of oil and lamp in his composition. He stands obliged to nothing else for the seriousness with which his writings are received but to his own diligence and usual silence. The light-minded may say of him that he is a sorry specimen of humanity; that he looks sad, but what of it? In "As You Like It" Jacques declares, "Why, it is good to be sad and say nothing." If saying nothing means sadness, then things stand in a really bad way for thoughtful people. But things are just turned about. The thoughtful person is never sad, while the word-spouter is frequently so. He is sad because he said too much; because he has been offensive; because he has no one to talk to as nobody cares to listen to him a second time. Plato in reporting the words of Socrates, the father of philosophy, says:

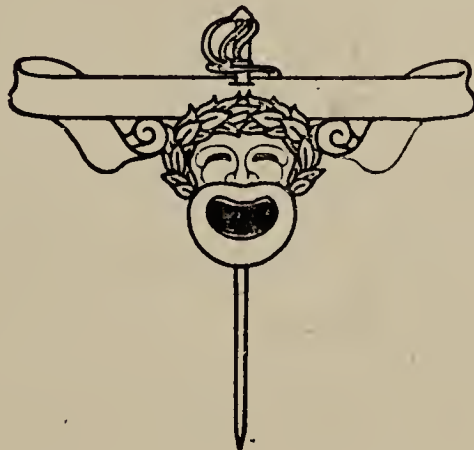
"Alas! Thaeatetus, what a tiresome creature is the man who is fond of talking."

"What makes you say so?"

"Because I am disheartened at my own stupidity and tiresome garrulity; for what other term will describe the habit of a man who is always arguing on all sides of the question; whose dullness cannot be convinced; and who will never leave off?"

Lest anybody should ask the question how far silence should extend in the affairs of life, it will be best to prevent him with the answer that silence implies nothing more than a greatly diminished amount of babbling over the radio; a greatly reduced amount of newspaper gush; a thorough pruning of vicious magazine articles, and the substitution for these matters of more genuine and helpful thought.

Deliberate thought is always a comfort to the mind, "a food for youth, a charm for age, a refuge in adversity." Need we wonder at the fact that the world has lost these benefits when a stream of fiery words is continuously sizzling through books and papers, over hustings and platforms, over radio waves and wires of every description without rest or respite night and day? Why the old world is running so fast in its attempt to keep pace with all this roaring human nonsense that the fool thing stands in danger to shake its blamed head off.



Ave Atque Vale

Robert Niset

Sunrise

The morning breaks
With Apollo's glittering hosts
Retrenching the minions of darkness
As blushing Aurora flees the Hours' advance.

Sunset

Crimson and rose
Streaking the west;
Riotous, subtle, majestic, confused!
Ermine—sea flung,
Fathomless blue,
Fading away in a delicate hue.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

Thomas Danehy

In the ranks of ancient literatures that have stood the supreme test of time and have come down to our present generation Arabian literature seems to stand on a rather unique plane due to the strange tales and fantastic stories that it embodies. Arabian adventures have never betrayed any reader's interest, for the tales deal with the queer, alluring, and exotic life of a nomadic nation. They flash forth on the stage of life, luxuriant characters such as Haroun al-Rashid, Aladdin, Sinbad, and Ali Baba—mystical but none the less real. Haroun al-Rashid predominates the tales but the deeds attributed to his name are, in reality, those of Baibars, the actual commander of the faithful, the good Kalif of the Arabian Nights.

A study of the leading character of these tales reminds one in every way of Baibars, the mystery of the ages, the intriguing opponent of the crusaders. He was a sultan after the heart of the Mamluks, loved and feared by all. As a soldier he was not inferior to Julius Caesar; as a merciless ruler he did not yield in malignity to Nero; in voluptuousness he rivaled Nebuchadnezzar. He had two ambitions which burned deeply in his soul; first, to defeat the Mongols, and second, to drive the crusaders out of the east. In planning the realization of these ambitions he was tactful, conscious of his limitations as well as his strength, cautious, resourceful, strategic. Baibars wished to round out a new empire free from coast to coast of invaders. Motivated by a keen sense of duty to his own state and to his ancestors, he always mapped out his campaigns most minutely, striking where he was least expected and always being on guard for the larger armies of the enemy.

To everyone Baibars proved to be a mystery. In fact his chief delight was to pass among his own people in disguise, sometimes as a merchant, as a slave, or as a beggar, punishing most severely those who rashly recognized him. None of his attendants were aware of his next move; no one knew when or where he would appear on the scene. A game of tennis would occupy his time in the beginning of the week at Damascus, and before the week was over he would be seen playing at Cairo eight hundred miles away. He had all of a Tartar's ability to ride far and fast. He was a lover of sports excelling all, possibly because death was the penalty for anyone who was victorious over him. Hunting and jousting were his chief delights; he was mercilessly cruel to any opponent whether man or beast. The thousand and one tales grew up around him, and yet they do not relate the complete narrative of his life.

These tales have given delight to the whole world. Since they were first translated by the distinguished French Orientalist, Antonie Galland, they have appeared in nearly all literary languages. Children enjoy them; their elders appreciate them. The young enjoy them because of the unwearied narrative in which they are presented. Older people, having spent their lives in reading and in appreciating classic and cultural books, are thrilled by the pages rich in ornament and loaded with the exploits of this race. Often readers are lead into the thousand by-ways and intimacies, customs and fancies of the Arabian people. Although these tales were first told by crude tale-tellers in the market place, one is often amazed at the witcheries of their style. With great delight one notes such felicitous phrases as "heart delighting voices," "moved to great delight," and "how many a loveling among them", and more especially, "eye-painted with languor abode."

The stories in themselves are ingenious, and highly imaginative. The time in which they are placed is an age of much splendor and luxury; kings revelled in wealth and power. Consistent with the magnificence of the age is the splendid exaggeration running through these stories. As unique as their contents is their reputed origin. A wicked sultan, Shahri-zar, exasperated on account of the faithlessness of his wives, passed a law that everyone of his future wives would be put to death on the morning following the marriage. The decree threw the women of Arabia into consternation. What woman would care to die only one night following the wedding day, though her escort be the sultan; yet who could refuse the imperial summons. No one succeeded in softening the cruel sultan's heart until Scheherazadi, the daughter of the grand vizier, was married to him. She held off her fate from night to night by relating, as reported, the enchanting tales of the Arabian Nights. And indeed, the alluring charm of her stories induced the king to delay her execution until at length, being greatly pleased with the wisdom of his bride and delighted with her odd, fantastic tales, he decided to abolish his barbarous custom.

The stories entwine the real with the unreal; the simple with the extraordinary. The story of Aladdin introduces the simple and the extraordinary strikingly. He is born of poor parents; at the age of ten he was apprenticed to his father's trade, much to his disgust. As a boy he is idle, thoughtless, selfish, careless, coming home only for meals. But ere long a sorcerer from Barbary appears on the scene, enticing him with tales of vast treasures and wealth. Then the story shifts from the real to the unreal and the fantastic. Aladdin goes down into subterranean gardens where trees are covered with precious stones

and jewels instead of fruit and each tree has different jewels of different colors and the brilliance of these jewels pale the sun's rays at noon. He is bewildered at the sight of the large emeralds and diamonds, rubies, and pearls. He examines the diamonds and immediately plucks some from the trees and fills his pockets. Following immediately, we have the story of the magic lamp which so long has delighted people due to the wonderful and astonishing results that it produced. In this and all other stories each hyperbole is climaxed with the expression, "the like of which has never been seen before," or with some similar phrase.

One may ask to what avail are these tales because in them there is found no clear ethical or moral purpose. It is true they do not point out any moral duty or spiritual obligation. Yet there is a kind of moral philosophy which time and again reminds us of the necessity of submitting our will to the will of God. This is amply exemplified in the story of the "City of Brass," which contains the powerful inscription, the famous reprimand, namely, on the sepulchre of the dead king which states concisely the utter powerlessness of riches as opposed to the power of God. We are there told to look upon the world as vanity, and that we should not confide in it or incline to it; "for it will betray him who dependeth upon it and him who in his affairs relieth upon it." These tales are, furthermore, the root of all romance. When man is hard pressed by the reality of things he brings to mind the beautiful side of life, thus making things easier for himself. The tales are clustered about the faculty of the imagination which is common to all people, young and old. The escape from the contemplation of real things to the ideal has given peace to many a soul. When

man is hard pressed, should he pick up a book of the Arabian Nights, he will secure real mental diversion. These exquisite tales produce an effect on the mind similar to that of a drink of cool, refreshing water from a crystal clear spring to a man parched with thirst. Imagination in its final analysis is man's hope, the lasting and undying quality which enables him to carry on courageously in life.

In these tales are reflected the idiosyncracies of the Arabian character as in a mirror. The Arab is shown at his best or at his worst. He is courageous, loyal to his sultan and his faith, hospitable to strangers, temperate and self-reliant. He is inherently reverent and resigned to the fate which Allah had decreed for him. But on the other hand, he is a curious mixture of childishness and astuteness, of simplicity and cunning, concealing levity of mind under solemnity of aspect. He is indolent, overbearing, intolerant, and superstitious. He is fanatical by nature and hates every creed but Islamism. The background of these tales is the rich and varied life of the city and palace, caravan and mosque, presenting many accurate pictures of life. Together with all this is portrayed the special charm of his native race, the stories of their enchanters, fairies, ghouls, giants, and afreets.

In detail many of these legends often appear very gross and unrestrained, so much so that they cannot be acceptable to our western tastes. Some translations, however, are suitable for ordinary perusal. Since these tales have proved interesting to the people of the world for many centuries gone by, they will likewise prove charming, alluring, and interesting to anyone who reads them in proper translations at present.

The Blinking Star

William Voors

On whom have you turned your bright gleaming eye
While standing so lonely and high in the sky?
For surely by twinkling, you must mean to tell
Some secret of what among stars once befell.

Thus standing alone in a doorway at night,
A little boy questioned a star shining bright:
But never an answer to his word was returned,
Though it was for an answer his little heart burned.

“You’re mad,” said the little boy fully sincere,
“Or else you would answer me right now and here;
We talk and we chat with each other on earth;
Why can’t you be friendly and join in our mirth?”

But yon blinking star would not stoop to debate;
On its course it went sternly as it would not be late;
Quite unlike to people who waste time in prattle
When life’s earnest duties give signal for battle.

EATING UNDER DIFFICULTIES IN RUSSIA

William Voors

“Sing, Muses, sing from the Pierian Grove;
Begin the Song, and let the Theme be Jove;
From him ye spring and him ye first should praise.”

Fully two thousand years ago, the Greek writer, Hesiod, tried to disclose the status of mankind in reference to labor, deserts, troubles, and depression in a work which he entitled, “Works and Days.” Though the origins of these troubles as depicted by Hesiod are long since known to be involved in superstition, yet the miseries entailed by life at that remote period are nothing strange to people who live in the twentieth century. Labor, man must in spite of changed times—oh, if only present times would furnish occasions for man to turn his highly specialized activities to practical use! Financial slow-downs must be encountered with all the distress they entail, a distress that always seeks a Utopia for its remedy without ever finding it. Yet even if history and literature are full of warnings that Utopias are the dreams of simple-minded folk, these warnings are not heeded; witness then the loudly hailed Russian Utopia which tries to rear its head right at the present day in spite of the many sore experiences that have taught man over and over that Utopias are nonsense. That such is the case with Russia, and that, too, right now is clearly evident from conditions that tell, not only of a lack of the civilized refinements and the niceties of life, but also the lack of the bare necessities of life.

To the great wide world, rumors from Moscow tell the tale that the old country of Ruric is badly in need of food, and not this alone, but it is in want even of the means of eating in a convenient way the little food that it has at its service. If food may

properly be called the cornerstone of civilization, then surely the necessary tableware that makes eating a civilized performance may be termed the mortar which holds that stone in secure position. Just a few months ago, the Russians had no soap---that was no joke; but now they are in need of other common articles such as knives, forks, and spoons, here jokes begone! this is serious. To be obliged to wait for a spoon when one's soup is quickly changing temperature has always been the case when and where people have established Utopias. Nature's tableware, one's fingers, may be all-sufficient when there is a question of eating bread and cracklings, but, who has heard of bread and cracklings in sufficient quantity in Russia to feed people generally? From the news that dribbles in one must understand that the chief item on every table is soup with no spoon to accommodate the eater. Of course one might drink it from a bowl, as very likely Diogenes did after taking up his abode in a barrel. But is that a condition to ballyhoo about? A dog or a pig can do as much. Perhaps that is what a Utopia signifies; an idea usually overlooked by those who hanker after ideal living. Surely it signifies just that; for, after reading of the glories of living as portrayed in Jacques Rousseau's "Social Contract" did not even Voltaire say that it made him feel like getting down on "all fours?" Walking on "all fours" is undoubtedly the essence of life in a Utopia, a condition that the Russian Soviet is certainly aiming to establish.

A recent investigation disclosed much concerning the difficulty of eating in present-day Russia. In Moscow, for instance, it was found that six hundred restaurants, thirteen hundred and fifty-three buffets, and thirty-seven dining halls are short of seven hundred thousand knives and forks; one million

three hundred thousand soup bowls and spoons, and one million eight hundred and ninety glasses. From this brief survey pertaining to only one city it is plain that to eat comfortably in Russia one better develop bill, snout, or lapping tongue, with, of course, no thought of a napkin, for such an article is useless aside of these natural appurtenances. Of course, by practice, one may learn to eat very adroitly with his fingers, but this manner of eating has long since been declared to be unsanitary and dirty; yet it may be so that in a Utopia dirt, sanitation, and the like matters deserve no attention. The sheer joy of living will amply compensate everybody for sickness wretchedness, death, and all other inconveniences and troubles. At best in a Utopia like the Russian, it is not good for man to live long on earth, for there is always the danger that he may grow wise, and then for sure he would find things very un-Utopian. If living conditions will only be made thoroughly unsanitary, there can be no question about people becoming short-lived.

It is furthermore reported that Russia is engaged in erecting huge factories, huge steel plants in particular. May not that be assigned as the reason for the general lack of tableware such as knives, forks spoons and the like articles? Probably the tableware has been confiscated and has gone into the construction of tractors and other farm implements. Certainly it is not impossible that some Russian-factory overseers may have read Benvenuto Cellini's description of casting the magnificent statue of Perseus. As Cellini tells it, all his tableware went into that statue. As a consequence Russia may have decided to use all its tableware in casting its Utopia into shape and form. It may be that in that country there is less worry about "break downs" in human

life than there is about "break downs" in tractors. But, do what he will, a man cannot eat soup with a tractor. Hence in Russia there is not only the question, "When do we eat?" but also the question, "What and with what do we eat?"—"Soup's on!" But where are the bowls and the spoons? In this dilemma, one might suggest a U. S. commission, but that is a recognized way of doing nothing. Besides the report may be contrary to the findings. There is such an instance on record.

The wonder is how Russian people got along in times antedating their weird attempt to become Utopian. Surely the demand for knives, forks, and spoons did not arise over night. Did they get along in obedient servitude to the proverb, "Fingers were made before forks?" Did they eat from a common porridge bowl placed at the center of the table? Perhaps they were not given to much eating. There is a lot of talk about a drink used by them called "Vodka." Like the "Pulque" of Mexico, this drink may have served both as food and drink, only, to be sure, it did not grow in the unusually large buds of some plant like the Mexican drink does. Yet if the Russians at all times were great eaters, and their bodily size would just bespeak such a habit on their part, then their Soviet government has brought them into the way of very bad manners. It is said that Russia has developed a "Five Year Plan" for the purpose of Utopianizing the country; perhaps it judged five years to be enough for instilling into its people manners akin to savagery. Of course, one can never tell what slant public opinion will take on any serious problem. Will the world like Russia with its New Utopia, or will it dislike Russia with all its astonishing experimentation in human flesh and blood? All one can do is agree with the poet who said, "Who can tell how all will end?"

What must be expected is that some change will have to take place in Moscow's dining establishments as well as throughout Russia where the lack of millions of eating utensils is causing a real crisis. Poor Russians! Little soup and no spoons! One is forced to wonder what other necessity will soon step into the limelight concerning them. Maybe it will be a lack of dry-cleaning establishments, as, what with eating soup without spoons there must be plenty of occasion to decorate the front of clothing with numerous polka-dots. Surely coming generations will enjoy many a roaring laugh at the expense of the people who lived in Russia during the first decades of the twentieth century because of the odd decorations they wore on the front of their clothing, decorations reminiscent of the Soviet regime, and they may very well recite in regard to those people the lines of Hesiod:

"Condemned to Sorrows and to Toil we lived;
Rest to our Labors, Death alone could give,
And yet amid the Cares that did our Lives annoy
The Gods did kindly grant some Intervals of Joy;
But how degenerate was the human State!"



Saint Joseph

Joseph Wittkofski

St. Joseph, Father meek and kind,
Of manners sweet and mild;
Thy gentle words and gentle hands
Have taught the holy Child;
And since they taught the infant Christ,
We come and ask of thee,
That thou shouldst teach us how to live
Our lives in purity.

Within thy simple little home
Where Mary loved to dwell,
The holy Child in wisdom grew,
For He did mind thee well;
And since He still will heed thy prayer,
We come before thy shrine,
To ask that thou shouldst bear our needs
To Christ, our Lord divine.

OH, MY OPERATION!

Edward Fischer

Will Rogers wrote a book on operations. Irvin Cobb likewise found relief by devoting a volume to this delicate subject. Doubtless, there have been others who have had the courage to discuss in the open forum of the printed page, those extremely personal experiences which so many people are not ashamed to make the one and only topic of their conversation. Not only in writing does this unsavory subject find expression, but also in movies, the theatres, radio announcements—in fact, everywhere. Eddie Cantor wisecracks about them. Movies abound in positively ridiculous scenes concerning them; in general it is the vogue.

We have all known people who seem to be enjoying heaven right here on this earth as long as they can talk about their operations. You can speak to some individuals about the weather and they are mum. Talk politics—still no response. But mention the word “operation” and you have gotten yourself into something.

They will tell you this doctor said this, and that doctor said that; how another doctor said their gallstones were positively the largest on record. “Why they were at least this big.” (Thumb and forefinger forming a capital O.) Can’t you just visualize the puckered-lip expression of some spinster or the bloated face or triple chin of a wiseacre suffering from serious obesity, as he or she barks or vibrates (as the case may be) to the tune of: “Not to mention the golf-ball size of my tonsils.”

You certainly mean to register sympathy but the evident exaggeration made it hard to keep your expression of surprise free from the shadow of doubt. Straightway comes the compromise,

"Oh well, maybe they were only this big!"

The second dimensions are only a little less generous than the first, but to argue the point would be rude, and while you silently wonder what makes gallstones come in large sizes only, your friend of operations hastens to enumerate these interesting little items that have a tendency to increase and multiply each time the thrilling tale is told. Isn't it wonderful what a few stitches in a person's mid-section can do for the memory? There are people who can remember the time to the very minute, and can recall exactly the posture and position of the doctor when he assured them, never in all the years of his long experience, had he seen such a tremendous appendix.

"Why it is simply unbelievable."

And yet they expect your faith to stand the test.

"Oh dear, you have no idea how I suffered. It was a miracle that I ever lived through it. Right at death's door three times—just as weak as a feather—lost fifty pounds in four days." And then bosh, bosh, bosh, and more bosh. (With a few blahs interspersed.)

I have always tried to be a peace-loving man. I don't know why, but most of my friends became more or less addicted to the operation-fever. In their vexing conversation about these unpleasant feats of surgery, I seemed to recognize in the eyes of these bickering hypochondriacs, a light of satanic mirth, which to put it mildly, virtually piqued me to the quick. Oh why, don't these addle-brained nincompoops cease their doltish babble.

It was obviously hard on my nerves, but as time progressed, I trained myself to sit through an operation-self-delusion or gibberish with reasonable composure. Although the accounts of hospital

experience never ceased to bore me, nevertheless, for friendship's sake, I feigned the sympathy and interest which I never felt.

Only one thing continued to irritate me. When an operation victim, upon just the slightest little touch, would hold his—(or elsewhere), put on that sad, anxious look and sigh: "Oh, my operation," I actually felt like doing a little more operating myself by way of preparing him for another one. The more I hated it, the more I heard it. Every time I got mixed up in a crowd, I was sure to hear that proverbial corpulent matron moan, "Oh, my operation." On bumping street cars, on crowded elevators, wherever people amassed in large quantities, I heard that simulated agonizing cry of complaint. I began to avoid crowded places as much as possible, walked to work, used the stairway from and to the office. This was better. Maybe it was the exercise as much as the absence of that nerve-wracking phrase that made me take life with a little more complaisance. All was going well until some imbecile, some hapless peccan, wrote a song entitled, "Oh, my Operation." The radio took it up and I became desperate. I bit my fingernails, talked in my sleep and did not see red only, but also the rest of the spectrum. I made a resolution to accept death rather than submit to an operation; and I made a vow that should I be forced to undergo a sawboning event without my consent, at no time, in no place, and under no circumstances, would I utter that despicable phrase.

Then the unexpected happened. A night of endless torture. Some Gargantuan demoniacal monster had clutched my vitals. The doctor came, frowned, and snapped out the verdict, "Appendix—immediate operation." He wouldn't listen—nobody listened in spite of my pathetic supplications.

From the time I was wheeled into the operating room until I "knew no more," things happened. Nurses and doctors briskly running back and forth; surrounded me. Before I knew it they were putting the muzzle on me. But I jerked away long enough to plead, "Just one good breath." "Granted," came the response. But just as I was taking in a long, deep whiff, the nurse flipped on the muzzle. As the first smell of that awful stuff was sensed by my aching olfactory nerves, I choked—gasped—then finally submerged into a state of nightmarish hallucinations. From then on there was no time. Different people came to see me every day. Each day I told the operation story over and over. Soon I began to enjoy telling it. I never twice told it the same way. I kept the nucleus of the story the same, but continually changed some of the minor details to get a much desired effect. During the course of the narrative, I would eagerly watch the reactions of my prey, eliminating seemingly weak points and inserting strong ones. This was life.

After the first telling I had what I considered a perfect operation story. No one part was weaker than the other, but as an entirety it was a masterpiece comprising unity, coherence, emphasis, and operation grievances. I would take hold of my victims and for hours rave on in fiendish glee.

But alas, when it was too late, I realized that I had that fever—that incurable disease—operation-talk fever.

All the while I was enjoying myself immensely. I was too happy; it couldn't last; fate would have its way. Then one day a thing happened to me for which I will never be able to forgive myself.

It was the first day I was allowed to walk. As I was going out of the door of my room, by sad co-

incidence, the doctor was coming in. He bumped into me—and then I did the terrible thing, I, of all the people, the one who previously abhorred anything as such, held my side and cried:

“Oh, my operation!”

Anticipation

Leonard Storch

Days of longing bound together
With the links of hapless night
Form an endless chain of wonder,
That we follow with delight;
Far beyond a poet's couplets,
Beckons some enchanting sight.

Dreams of pleasure on the morrow
Cause us happiness today;
Yet the morrow's coming carries
Disappointment on its way;
Far ahead the house of silver,
On approach, has turned to clay.

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Charter Member



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BISHOP DWENGER

In connection with the diamond jubilee of the Diocese of Fort Wayne this year, it is interesting to note that 1932 is also the sixtieth anniversary of Bishop Joseph Dwenger's consecration to the episcopal see of this diocese. The life of a pioneer is never easy, so one may well conclude that Bishop Dwenger's years in the episcopacy were hard years. His life must have been, in those days of the Pioneer Church of the Middle West, a living encouragement, both to his priests and people, in the surmounting of almost unconquerable hardships and difficulties. Sometimes it is said that the trail blazer has the hardest task, but, is it not true that the man who follows closely on the heels of the former has almost as hard a task? Such was the work confronting Bishop Dwenger, who was the immediate successor of Bishop Leurs, the first Bishop of Fort Wayne.

Bishop Dwenger has been dead for nearly forty years, but these years have done little to dim the memory of him. Perhaps this is due to his strong character, a character that faced every task unflinchingly. Anyone who knew him in the days when he was in the prime of life, will always remember him as a monumental figure of strength, physical, mental and moral. He was large-hearted, generous, somewhat brusque, a big man in every way, with a big man's ways, a big man's likes and dislikes, provided with a big man's thorns on which the unwary were sure to scratch themselves.

Undoubtedly the outstanding work of his career, as priest and Bishop, was his work in behalf of education. His first appointment after ordination was that of Rector of the Seminary of the Congregation of the Most Precious Blood. Seminary education in those pioneer days was of the most meager kind. Under Bishop Dwenger's guiding hand the seminary course was lengthened and brought up to some sort of standard, something which had never before been accomplished in the times when the need of priests compelled ordination to take place with little further preparation than a bare knowledge of Latin and the rudiments of Theology.

Later on as Bishop, he again took the cause of education to heart. He deplored the fact that there was no school of higher education in the western part of his diocese, and in 1891 he called the Fathers C. PP. S. into his diocese to found St. Joseph's College at Rensselaer. At the time of his accession to the see of Fort Wayne he found but few parochial schools, and these of the poorest kind. He developed a system that was adopted in the Fort Wayne diocese; later on in the Cincinnati archdiocese, and still later on was recommended to all Bishops by the third Plenary Council of Baltimore as an ideal plan for primary education. Almost totally new, yet many of the chief features of his plan were discovered to be so thoroughly practical that they have found their way into nearly every diocese of the United States. Our modern Parochial School system owes much, therefore, to the guiding hand of Bishop Dwenger—the hand that picked up the standard of Catholic education, and carried it onward and upward to success.

Another characteristic work of Bishop Dwenger was his effort in behalf of orphans. An orphan



Most Rev. Joseph Dwenger, D. D.
Second Bishop of Fort Wayne.

himself, the Bishop took a life-long interest in homeless children and built for them new orphanages, one for boys in Lafayette, and another for girls in Fort Wayne. All of this was but an example of his big-heartedness and generosity; a beautiful example of Christian charity.

After a serene life of toil in behalf of his diocese, the good Bishop met death well prepared and peacefully. He had been a priest for fourteen years, and a Bishop for twenty—thirty-four years of labor for the cause of Christ. "How mighty are the fallen in Israel" was the text of the funeral oration. And, in truth, a mighty man had fallen, a man among men. In the humble sphere of a work-a-day mission Bishop, Bishop Dwenger had no chance to make history as did some of his contemporaries in the episcopacy, but before God he wrote a page that compares well with the best. His career, doubtlessly sums up for the future the characteristics of the typical western mission Bishop of the nineteenth century—a fitting example to all who contemplate service in the vineyard of the Master.

L. J. E.

ALUMNI!

May the second is the day that has been set aside for the deciding of such questions as: "Can the Alumni reasonably hope to win the big baseball game?" "Shall we or shall we not throw the referee into the lake?" etc.

No matter whether one has studied one or six years here at St. Joseph's, life-long contacts and fond associations have been built up between every alumnus and his Alma Mater. And Alumni Day is the day to recall and rehearse these happy memories. To see the old campus where mighty efforts were

launched to get that winning point, to view again the old Main Building with its hallowed halls wherein brain power was spent in great abundance and often in vain; then to meet again those guides of our studies, the professors, and talk over that 65% in Chemistry or that modest 76% in Latin; to live it all over again in just one day; to be once more a Collegian; to be a St. Joe student for a day—that's Alumni Day!

Yes! There is a big depression on, but where there's a will there is a way out of every difficulty, and after all, what better investment can be made than a day spent at St. Joe's? Alumni, we're waiting for you; we're planning a big nine-inning game; the place shall be ready for you.

Alumni Day comes once a year and not very often during a lifetime. May the second's the day, Alumni! Drop into the Collegian office too, and talk the old tabloid over; we'll be expecting you and waiting for you all with a big—Welcome, Alumni!

W. J. C.



In Memoriam

Rev. Ferdinand Hoorman, C. PP. S.

1892-1932

Back in 1925 Father Hoorman acted as our spiritual director. Those who have heard his fifteen minute discourses will, no doubt, remember him most kindly. His inspirational talks were sources of encouragement to the young students who were still at sea in boarding school life; to the older students his talks were kindly beacons lighting the ways of higher Christian perfection.

Then——

“Until the tender springtime breezes came,
He stood for us, a burning candle’s flame.”

We students of St. Joseph’s who have known and loved Father Hoorman, offer our every condolence to his bereaved ones. With them we shall unite in ever holding his memory as a token of supremely human charity and fatherly kindness.

Requiescat in Pace!



John Macy has very correctly informed us that "Every book has its literary parentage, and criticism reads like an Old Testament chapter of 'begots'." To those who review College publications it is very interesting (sometimes appalling) to notice the probable influences that sway individual styles of writing. It would seem that in each school production to which there are a large number of students submitting individual work, we would find a pleasant variety of style and personality. However, in the case of many a school and even College magazine we observe that it is not the individual who is born of a favorite book or prevalent influence but the magazine itself. In this matter our own Collegian is no exception.

THE AMBROSIAN—St. Ambrose College—

An example of the modern journalistic and present-day informal style is evident in some little measure in this publication. Occasionally, and it so happens in the stories, the style is rather fitful, so that the reader cannot but feel slightly jolted while perusing the Ambrosian's pages. However, if all the work were as pointedly pleasant and artistic as Mark Murphy's delightful "Dots" we should feel much inclined to overlook the use of "bingism." "The Good Thief" is especially worthy of note as being a selection, aside from William Kerrigan's fluent poems, that reaches a literary level not at all easy to achieve.

THE BACONIAN—Roger Bacon High School—

The Baconian evidently desires to be serious and at times more ambitious. Evidently the students have chosen literary standards for their jour-

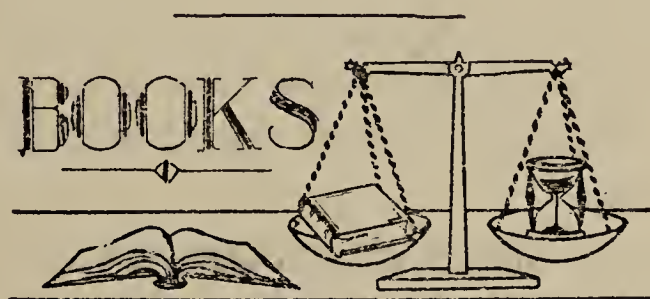
nal aside from the tendency to melodrama so contagious in a high-school student body. Their work deserves every encouragement.

SHADOWS—Creighton University—

In *Shadows* we find every evidence of a carefully planned and artistically executed publication. Poems, essays, stories, editorials, all savor of the refreshing touch of art and beauty. Herman Mertens deserves to be commended upon his work in the March issue. His story "Paper Boy" has delightfully expressed an experience which, I dare say, has come to all of us at one time or another. The production is fluent, carefully worded, and devoid of any far-fetched ending, so common nowadays.

It would seem, upon careful scrutiny, that school publications at present are making a desperate jump at bare Realism. Every pretense at idealistic beauty is apparently fading from their pages. After all, beauty is literature's most revered and loved possession and should be sought—even with all our modern Realism.

J. W. M.



A Pioneer Woman

THE GREAT MEADOW, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts.

In writing of the adventurous pioneer days of Kentucky, Miss Roberts is quite sure of her field, for on both sides of her family she is descended from pioneers who early followed Boone over his Trace to the wilderness. Her home is in the Pigeon

River country of Kentucky, not far from the old Harrod's Fort which is the center of action in "The Great Meadow." She has heard such pioneer stories related by her parents and grandparents, who in turn had received them from the actual participants in those stirring times. She spent several years in planning and writing the book; and it is noteworthy that every day for a considerable period of time she spent hours at the wheel and loom in order that her mood might be more attuned to that of the woman whose life-story she was telling. A good deal of the charm and strength of character as portrayed in Diony and Betty can easily be perceived in Miss Roberts herself.

The first setting of the story is in the expansive, rolling hills of Albemarle County in Virginia. The heroine is immediately introduced. She is soliloquizing, and within a few paragraphs appears the beautiful character of Diony Hall revealed by her own words. From her home, the world, as conceived by her, spreads out—first about her father's house, Five Oaks; then past the lofty hills of Albemarle; and finally into all directions until it reaches Tidewater. The world beyond—the ocean and foreign lands are vague and far away as another planet beyond her ken.

One by one other characters are introduced with surprising cleverness; sturdy, virile backwoodsmen and their wives. But throughout the story they play a subordinate role. They are as reflectors of the clear bright spotlight which Miss Roberts keeps focused on Diony herself. In fact, the initial presentation of each one is indirect, through the impression made by him upon Diony as relayed to us in her soliloquies.

Miss Roberts has a certain charm which one

can not help but notice. Although the first seventy-five pages are not particularly interesting in the subjects dealt with, yet somehow there is a "something" which holds the attention. I am quite convinced that this "something" consists in her facile narrative style and her deft descriptive power. Then, too, she dares to use throughout her story a dialect which very few writers have attempted with success. Her immediate effectiveness is partly due to the novelty of this dialect and the manner in which she handles it.

Diony Hall, the heroine, is married to a man by the name of Berk Jarvis. Berk takes her into Kentucky, the Great Meadow. Miss Roberts' description (through reveries of her heroine) of the journey from Albemarle to Harrod's Fort is majestic. Never have I read such piercing descriptions of the strangeness of nature in a new and unfamiliar land. Her narrative is so intensely vivid that when the small party of pioneers crosses a river you cross it with them; when they stop to camp you relax with them, and when they have fear of the redman there is terror in your own heart also. Particularly their laborious trek through the lofty, challenging pass-way, the gateway into the rich fields of Kentucky, is most powerfully written.

When, finally, the young couple have reached Harrod's Fort, Miss Roberts settles down to give her reader a real true-to-life story of frontier existence. She is obviously a realist. She does not spare her hearer grief nor sorrow. She paints the picture of pioneer adventure, not as we would like to see it, but as it really was with its misfortunes, sorrows, famines, and deaths, and especially as it was for those courageous women who with their husbands had dared the perils of this rough country.

There is, however, one point in the second setting of the book which is untrue to life. Whenever Diony is placed in an exciting or threatening situation, she immediately begins to philosophize. This is, I think, unnatural, because when a human being is intensely excited, or when death is rapidly approaching in the person of a murderer, the mind is bent on escape and rarely, if ever, takes the time to philosophize.

Many books have been written on heroes and heroines of Kentucky, but most of them offer much the same material. "The Great Meadow," though, is entirely different, because the manner in which Miss Roberts handles the subject is entirely unexpected. The greater beauty and power of her book are the result of her deeper understanding, together with her broad sympathy regarding the pioneers who lived in the caneland of Kentucky.

Joseph Fontana

Essays of a Jesuit

A CHEERFUL ASCETIC AND OTHER ESSAYS,

by James J. Daly, S. J.

Essays are probably the most interesting of all the varieties of literature, for in them the personal tone of the writer is predominant. It is just this personal flavor of Father James J. Daly, S. J., professor of English at the University of Detroit, which has secured for him an audience of astonishing numbers. Very frequently his essays appeared in magazines. But this fact did not satisfy the desires of his readers. So it was upon the request of his admirers that Father Daly published "The Cheerful Ascetic and Other Essays," which has the honor of being the initial volume of the series known as "Science and Culture Series," edited by his fellow re-

ligious, Joseph Husslein, S. J. This book may well lead the series and that for four very noteworthy reasons: for its literary information, for its literary criticism, for its eminently graceful style, and for its spiritual worth.

All the essays are about Catholic men of standing and culture except the ones entitled "The Intolerant Emerson" and "The Paganism of Mr. Yeats." Of them all, I found the most charming to be "Some Letters of Joyce Kilmer." The concise but graphic life of Kilmer, as written by Father Daly, perfectly enraptured me. Within recent years Joyce Kilmer (and his famous "Trees") has come to be as much read abroad as at home. Being a convert, he showed extraordinary love for his religion. Never has journalism produced a man whose life may be held more becomingly as a model for all Catholic poets of future times—and, indeed, for all writers. Father Daly shows himself plainly indignant while writing about the "Intolerant Emerson." In this essay he upbraids the apotheosized Concordian, and cannot see how such a proud, pedantic man could be popular and beloved by the people. Again in the two essays on "Religion and Career," the author, by citing as examples the attainments of English Catholic barristers, refutes the often common belief that Catholics are passed over in the distribution of secular honors and rewards on account of their religion. Also, the book contains three essays on Blessed Thomas More, who, according to rumor, may very soon be canonized. Of the three, I would say that the most delightful and unique is "Sir Thomas More, The Happy Warrior." Here the author attempts to illustrate that Wordsworth must certainly have had Sir Thomas More in mind when he wrote his immortal poem, "The Happy Warrior," because the

life of Blessed Thomas is strikingly molded to fall in line with that of Wordsworth's hero.

Father Daly has a style difficult to characterize: it is fluent, versatile, sensuous—but much more than that. It is "Daly." He delights his readers with his candor of expression and his winsome spirituality. Seldom will a reader, upon finishing a book, find himself in a better and more satisfied mood.

Joseph Allgeier



It is being breezed about that Alumni Day is just peeping around the corner. In fact, it is already smiling in your faces, for May 2, filled with that certain something and a desire to go traveling, is not even a month hence. So, Alumni, rig up an old "tin-lizzy," if no limousine is available, and start her out on the shortest and straightest way to St. Joseph's College. Start early—driving in the moonlight is a pleasant adventure, and if you are living near the coasts, hop an aeroplane. It is worth the time spent, for Alumni Day will be filled with thrills, thrills of every sort. Since the balmy spring weather has commenced, the knuckler and spit-ball king of St. Joe's has been practicing his curves which even Babe Ruth could not connect with. We, the local students admit you won last year, but how! This year there is only defeat in store for you, for our in-field is air-tight, and the out-field is unsurpassable. Yet this should not discourage you and prevent you from coming. Remember, that every true Alumnus

should return to his Alma Mater at least once a year, and Alumni Day has been established for this sole purpose. We want you to come. Bring others with you and enjoy the day of days. Your Alma Mater begs you to pay your respects to her and renew the acquaintances of bygone days. Every door and heart says "WELCOME, ALUMNI."

The Rev. V. H. Krull, C. PP. S., LL. B., an alumnus of '98 has written a splendid booklet entitled "The Blessed Virgin Mary". Its contents are based on solid facts culled from the Bible and other religious books. Father Krull has arranged this booklet for May Devotions. He is Pastor of Sts. Peter and Paul, Ottawa, Ohio.

On the eve of St. Thomas Aquinas the curtain rose in the theatre at St. Charles Seminary, and many of our dramatic-famed Alumni were featured in the presentation of a three act drama, "The Vocation of St. Thomas". This excellent pageant, beautiful in its characterization, was written by the Rev. Edwin G. Kaiser, C. PP. S., S. T. D., who is an Alumnus of St. Joe's, '15. Reports testify to the immense success of the play and to so splendid a choice at such an appropriate time. The Theologians at St. Charles, in a special manner, owe a deep debt of gratitude to Father Kaiser for producing this miniature masterpiece. The plot of the drama is chiefly centered about St. Thomas, who, contrary to the wishes of his family, joins the Dominicans; as a consequence, the youthful Thomas becomes a prisoner and is subjected to many importunings and temptations against his noble resolves, but triumphs over sin by the gift of "angelic grace". In the climactic scene, Thomas is proclaimed the Doctor of the Universal Church by the Pontiff, Pius V, after he has victoriously defended his community against William of St. Amour. The

leading role was most successfully interpreted by Thomas Clayton, and it was he who won the laurels of the evening. Under the direction of such capable Alumni as William Neidert '27 and Robert Neumeyer '29, any dramatic production must spell success.

Charles M. Magsam, A. B., who graduated from St. Joe's in '28, is with the Maryknoll Fathers at Maryknoll, New York. He is still training for his future work as a messenger of the Gospel to foreign lands. Charles is strongly inclined to be a missionary, and as such expects to be working very soon in distant lands. Let us hear from you, Charles, and you may rest assured that your fellow alumni will remember you in their prayers in order that you may be enabled to carry out your noble work successfully.

Joseph Shaw paid his Alma Mater a pleasant visit during the Easter Holidays. He expressed his happiness to see the old school again and to be in the company of the good St. Joe boys. That's the spirit, Joe. Come again. More of the Alumni ought to avail themselves of the opportunity to renew old acquaintances.

Joseph Gibson says "Hello" to the entire class of '31 through the medium of the Alumni Department. By the way, Joe is playing basketball at his home town, Kokomo, with the K. of C's. It is reported that he is doing commendable work. In fact, he is the stellar player on the team. This proves that Joe is still living up to his past fame, for he certainly could tickle the nets at Collegeville.

Recently St. Joseph's College cheered the sportsmanship and excellent playing of an Alumnus on the basketball floor. Benedict Bubala, known to all as Benny, did exceptional stellar work and, without his assistance, Whiting would have been unable to defeat the St. Joe Quintet. History has it that

last year, Benny was a main factor in defeating the team on which he now has won a regular berth. Not only does your Alma Mater recognize your skill, Benny, and praise your sportsmanship, but earnestly invites you to return even if she should be the loser in a spirited battle. Fine work, old pal, give us some more thrills .

Ernst F. Gallagher, who was at St. Joe's from 1925-'27, discontinued his studies at St. Charles Seminary with the intention of joining the Benedictines at St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Frank Zarret is a Senior at the Sacred Heart Seminary, Detroit. Frank was forced to delay his studies for a year on account of failing health, but is now progressing rapidly.

Just to remind you again, old boys, about Alumni Day. Don't miss it, for it will be the greatest ever in history. Remember that we challenge you in the Alumni ball game and we don't like to think that you have a ghost of a chance to win.



IMPORTANT CHANGE: ST. JOE'S TO OFFER VARIOUS COURSES

At a meeting held on Tuesday, March 29, the Board of Trustees of the College took action by which the institution will revert to its former status of a boarding school for Catholic students. St. Joe's will continue to prepare students for the priesthood, but will henceforth accept also other Catholic students of good character. Appropriate curricula preparatory to

professional schools and universities are being organized and will become effective next September. Inter-scholastic competition in certain sports, suspended for some years, will again be introduced under definite control of the authorities. Minor changes will be made in the school discipline though the regulations will remain essentially the same.

It might be added that St. Joe's is the only accredited Junior College in the State of Indiana.

MISSION FESTIVAL—A SUCCESS!

To say that the poet's (or wasn't it a poet's) maxim, "Anticipation is greater than realization," fitted altogether to the long-awaited event of Easter Sunday afternoon, would, it seems, be telling an "uncouth untruth." For the success of the D. M. U. Mission Festival was, "Collegevilliany" speaking, far above every degree of anticipation.

Even though the first day of spring did eliminate all possibilities of an outdoor "fiesta" and with its snow, sleet, and hail cast ominous forebodings of an indoor one, yet the "show must go on." So, despite any challenges of the weather, the committee strove hard to execute its plans with success. With the booths, three in the gym basement and three on the balcony of the basketball floor decorated in all colors and full of every imaginable prize, the stage was set for the big affair.

Playing from the basketball floor itself, the College Band lent an effective atmosphere and "spirit" to the occasion with an opening march. The Senior quartet, with its close harmony, and a set of very foolish "Mo" clowns ably assisted the band in furnishing several entertaining interludes to the scenes of "ohs" and "ahs" around the bingo, chuck luck, yacht club, dart, baseball, and mystery booths.

Everyone unanimously agrees that the first D. M. U. Festival should not be the last; that Easter Sunday should become the traditional day for the Festival that is "All for the Missions." "Locals," in its confident but modest way, hopes that next year will witness an even bigger and better D. M. U. Festival.

EASTER VACATION

The last class before Easter vacation was held on Wednesday morning March 22, 1932. From then on life was just a "merry-go-round" at Collegeville. The regular Holy Week services furnished the necessary spiritual background for the remainder of the week. Of special interest was the three hours devotion on Good Friday. The general monotony of a Holy Saturday was dispensed with this year, since a "Color Team Tournament" was played off in basketball. On the evening of the same day the members of the Raleigh Smoking Club convened in their local club room for a short business session and an Easter program. During the course of the program the sportsmanship cup and high scoring pin were awarded to Shad Horrigan and Tom Danehy respectively for their work in the basketball tournament.

Flowers were not blooming, birds were not singing, soft zephyrs were not blowing, but still it was a nice Easter Sunday. In the afternoon both students and friends were entertained at the Mission Festival. The raffle of the Dwenger Mission Unit was held in the evening.

Motley groups of students were seen hiking out in the country on Easter Monday. In the afternoon Rensselaer was host to the St. Joe boys. On Tuesday morning, to the surprise of the remaining student

body, the Seniors asked for a free day, and within three minutes Collegeville was in an uproar as the news flashed—"Country Day!", "Free Day!" The usual permission was granted to go to town in the afternoon. In the evening a tired but contented student body turned its steps back to Collegeville, satisfied that it had completed a most interesting and exciting week on "ye olde" scholastic grounds.

JIM SAYS

"You know the other day when we were gettin' ready fur spring plowin' we ran into a boulder we thought was about ordinary size like. Jim had a notion it could be digged out, so he fetches a spade and commences a diggin'. But, by darn, that there rock turned out to be a land iceberg. We kept a shiftin' soil and mud and when we were done, we had a six-ton boulder right from the ancient Indian school pasture."

Jim's work was not in vain for this boulder proved to be an immense gneiss and has been given an honorable position among the landmarks of the Grotto Grove. This gneiss is a part of the three ridges of boulders that trace their beds across this section of the country and are, evidently, deposits of the glacial moraines. Another interesting addition to the Grove, it might be noted, is a lava formation which likewise belongs to the glacial deposits. For years this formation, lying along the Indian-School lane, was pointed out by some students and sworn to by others as being a meteorite. Be that as it may!

PROPOSED IMPROVEMENT

To furnish an architectural approach to the

College grounds, two large entrances, made of rugged rocks, have been proposed for construction during the summer. Already half of the rocks have been hauled to the site preparatory to this work.

On March 30, 1932, St. Joseph's College acquired the Frank A. Kanne farm, one hundred and fifty-five acres in area, which is situated west of the Institution. This tract enables the College to possess a continuous stretch of land extending practically to the Iroquois River.

AN INTERESTING OLD LETTER

While glancing through a dusty volume hidden in a far corner of his library, Father Basil Didier, C. PP. S. found therein the following letter written by an Indian thirty-seven years ago.

St. Joseph's Indian Normal School
Collegeville, Indiana
May 25, 1895.

The Father Jogues' Literary Society on motion made by Mr. Paul Hamlin and seconded by Mr. Hercule Dorval, this day passed the following resolution: Resolved, that the Father Jogues' Literary Society extend their thanks to the Columbian Literary Society for the presentation of a copy of the May Number of the St. Joseph's Collegian.

Michael Cowntuckmuck, Sec.
George Bain, Pres.

SENIOR NEWS!

Try and Imagine!

"Bob" Zahn hurrying.

"Shorty" Mallifske without a cowboy story.

"Schnovel" Storch without his skull cap.

Clarence Schuerman reading funny papers during study periods.

"Chas" Mitchell telling a laughable joke.

"Red" Novak weighing a hundred pounds.

"Tim" Downey singing jazz.

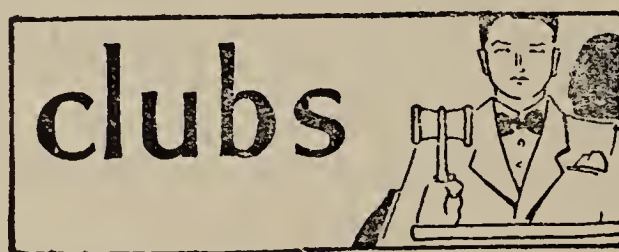
"Mick" Byrne baldheaded.

"Al" Mayer sitting straight in a chair.

"Mike" Lefko without his "line."

"Joe" Wittkofski reading Greek correctly.

Harry Connelly playing pinochle.



COLUMBIA LITERARY SOCIETY

Crusader! Does not that word bring back to your mind a dim, faint picture of a history class? And can't you faintly hear a voice—yes, you recognize the voice—your history professor describing a crusader! Ah! what a massive, ponderous being is conjured before your mind. Clad in a shining, glittering mass of steel, the Crusader of old stands forth as a hero of boyish dreams. Those, however, who witnessed the C. L. S. presentation of the "Beloved Crusader" on the eve of St. Pat's day conceived a different picture of a crusader. They saw a crusader, yes, but not one who fought against the Turks with blood and fire; they saw a crusader rather, who by kind words and gentle actions bore the arms of Peace under the standards of Our Lord. The play is based on the historical happenings in the life of the great and honored saint, Anthony of Padua.

Anthony, as played by John Byrne, exhibited

with great gentleness, yet firmness the characteristics of the great saint whose motto was "God wills it." James Conroy and Gilbert Wirtz in their presentation of Manoel do Sal and Pato, were very effective as hardy and adventurous seamen especially in their reverence and love for their friend and patron, Anthony. De Sully and Drapeau, as acted by Frederick Cardinali and Lawrence Ernst respectively, were equally forceful in their presentation of the two traveling French students. In the character of Brother Beppo, William Coleman introduced a novel personality behind the footlights of the local stage. His portrayal of character belongs to the best that has been witnessed in St. Joseph's auditorium. Charles Maloney as Father Tavieria, Robert Neiset as Abbot Gallo, and Charles Mitchell as the Prior Mendez presented a clear picture of dignified and stately prelates who lived during the thirteenth century. The arrogant tyrant of Verona, Ezzilino, rendered by Clarence Rable, instilled fear into the hearts of the courtiers, Arthur Kuhlman and Leo Lemkuhl, and of his court clerk, Kenneth Moore, by the forceful manner in which he acted. Leonard Storch in his impersonation of the Jew of Bourges, and John Lefko in his presentation of the old sexton of Bourges showed much skill in their respective roles. The student friars, Joseph Otte, Vincent Parr and Thomas Siebeneck proved that a true student is always hungry. In making up the background, the friars Isidore McCarthy, Clarence Schuerman, Adam Frankovitch, Raphael Gross, Thomas Harris, and Alex Leiker met the requirements of the simple, yet solemn duties, belonging to them as holy men. The martial army of the tyrant Ezzilino consisted of Carmen Nardecchia, Timothy Downey, Ignatius Vichuras, and Vincent Kreinbrink. The two altar boys who assisted St. Anthony in the performing of

one of his great miracles were Timothy Doody and Frederick Schroeder.

The play was a great success in dramatics, and beyond a doubt, matched up to the standards of dramatics at Collegeville.

The theatre-goers at St. Joseph's are looking forward to Alumni Day when the C. L. S. will present Austin Strong's "Three Wise Fools," a comedy in three acts.

NEWMAN CLUB

The presentation of "Under the Flag," a romantic drama by Franklin Bernard, on April 3rd, established new ideals in the field of dramatics for the Newman Club. With an entirely new cast of untried actors, these Newmans have made their first appearance a success, and it is assured, this will not be their last successful appearance. The play itself revealed in entirety the moods and mannerisms of demoniac villainy, heroic bravery, true and lasting friendship combined with genuine wit and humor.

Willard Blake, the diamond broker, as acted by Henry Rager, showed forth in his characterization that it does not matter how clever a criminal may be—crime will out. Strong dramatic power and vivid presentation were shown in this portrayal. Alfred Horrigan as George Morris, impersonated a noble type of young man who, through no fault of his own, was victimized by the clever wiles of a crook. Edward Fischer as Larry O'Toole, green from County Cork, furnished real humor and spicy dialogue. The luck o' the Irish seems to have been with O'Toole, whose chief failing was to attend strictly to business. Rastus Hemingway, janitor and what-not, as rendered by Robert Woodard, accorded the audience a bit of dark comedy and at times showed especial fear for

guns and "sojers". Larry and Rastus, one from Ireland, one from Africa, and both from America, showed some of the best acting of the evening. Rudolph Kuhn as John Firman and John Dalton as Gerald, his son, showed real father-and-son affection in their mutual feeling toward their berated friend, Morris. Edward Spaulding in his forceful presentation of Jerre Dunne, another crook, convinced the spectators that even in the hardest crook's heart there is still a bit of humanity. William Conces as Ricardo Gutierrez, the governor, was a stately and dignified picture of a man holding a highly responsible office. Father Delgato as depicted by William Reichel exhibited the ennobling characteristics of the true priest. An American in the Cuban Army, acted by Joseph Jacobs, and the farmhands Sanchez and Antonio played by Thomas O'Herron and Richard Dirksen respectively did their bit to furnish a suitable stage-setting. Robert Wuest as a messenger, Clarence Pettit as a policeman and Earl Rausch as Pedro, a negro jailor, appeared to be at home in positions assigned to them; and from all evidence it would seem that Robert Wuest especially has had previous experience probably with the Western Union. No patriotic drama would be complete without some military functionaries. Under the lieutenancy of Dominic Altieri, the soldiers, Herbert Eilermann, John Peterworth, James Heckman, Richard Hoshock, and Charles Kelty contrived to keep the outlaws, John Sheehan, John Cashman, Joseph Allegeier and Guy Forsee under control. It is with regret that we acknowledge this presentation as the last of the Newmans for this year. Newmans, you have succeeded!

RALEIGH CLUB

Another Raleigh Club meeting has become a

memory and a pleasant one at that. After the business of the recent meeting had been finished, an Easter program, which had been arranged by the entertainment committee, was heralded with delight. While the Easter bunny was out depositing beautifully colored eggs for the good little kiddies, the Raleigh Club members were having an informal Easter party. For it was Saturday evening, March 26th, and the Easter rabbit must start early if he wished to be finished before the crimson dawn of Easter should spread its halo of joy and gladness over the world. The music furnished by the Raleigh Club orchestra, quartet, trio and duet was exceptionally well done. The surprise of the evening, however, came from the outside. An old grad, Joseph P. Shaw '31, now a student at Sacred Heart Seminary, Detroit, Michigan, attended the meeting. But the honored guest of the evening was Brother David. The program ended, and all went off to their trundle beds and dreams of Easter eggs.

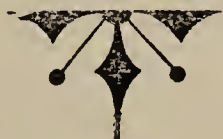
Another addition to the Raleigh Club was installed Easter Monday—a beautiful, inlaid chess table, consisting of four chess boards. There are eight different kinds of wood used in its construction. The table is really a work of art, and is deeply appreciated by the lovers of chess.

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

With Catholic Action endeavors and a Mission Festival in hand, the Dwenger Mission Unit held a very busy meeting Saturday evening, March 19th. But the Dwengerites were not too busy to enjoy a program given by the Second Class. Timothy Doody was the official master of ceremonies. This program

was light and humorous and much credit is deserved by the Sophomore Class. Martin Greven aptly proved his ability as a "Sidney Smith" when he skillfully drew caricatures of the different notables about Collegeville. George Petro, Henry Gzybowski, and George Muresan assisted each other in a humorous skit. George Muresan accompanied by Henry Gzybowski on the piano rendered several violin solos. Again the Rev. Camillus Lutkemeier gave the Dwengerites a musical treat. This time it consisted of an appreciation of the renowned Austrian composer, Franz Schubert. Along with the talk, Father Camillus played several of Schubert's compositions. During the lecture, a few words were brought in about Franz Liszt, the Hungarian composer. We, who hope to be real music lovers, are anxiously awaiting another of these lectures.

To say that the Mission Festival held on Easter Sunday was a success is just emphasizing a recognized fact. Beyond all doubt this endeavor of the Dwenger Mission Unit proved to be one of the most successful ventures in many a year. Joseph Otte, the originator and manager of the plan, together with the other members of the Festival committee, is to be congratulated on the splendid success of the affair.





FOURTH AC'S WIN SERIES OPENER 22-17

Despite the seemingly close score, the Fourths had little trouble disposing of the Sixths in the first game of the playoff for the championship of the Ac league. Poor passing and straggling team work on the part of the Sixths gave the Fourths a 14-4 lead in the first half, and while the Sixths rallied in the second half, the Fourths had little trouble holding their lead. Pankie Elder led the Fourths with six points, while Matt Lange and Charlie Maloney looked best for the Sixths.

SINKERS WIN MIDGET LEAGUE PENNANT

Well, the Midget league at last has a champion. Tinker's Sinkers captured the title by defeating Coach Conroy's Sharpshooters 21-18 in a post-season thriller. At the very outset of the game the Sinkers grabbed a ten point lead, but successive field goals by John Kreutzer and Eddie Jordan brought the score to 14-8 at the half. The Sharpshooters kept coming on, and in the last quarter Torchy Ottenweller slipped them ahead 16-15 with a two-pointer. Jim Thornbury promptly tied the score from the gift line, and Al Wight put the Sinkers back into the lead with a long one. Then Kreutzer broke through and dribbled under for a bucket to deadlock the score once again. But here the harpshooters' chances were sunk, when Red Van Nevel arched one in from the foul ring. Urbie Kuhn put the finishing touches on the victory with a free throw as the game ended a

few moments later with the score 21-18 for the Sinkers. Both teams put up a good and hard fight, the inability of the Sharpshooters to connect from the free throw line alone deciding the contest.

ST. JOE'S LOSES TO ST. JOHN'S 54-46

On March 6th, a speedy, elusive five from St. John's Parish of Whiting handed St. Joe's a finely conceived 54-46 setback in the only outside game on the local hardwood this season. Sotock, center for St. John's, who sent shot after shot dropping from the foul strip until he had totaled nineteen points, and Ryan, who in a less spectacular but just as telling fashion also tallied nineteen points, led the attack for the Whiting team, while Benny Bubala, former St. Joe boy, was the main cog in their defense. Bob Zahn, Rusty Scheidler, Tom Danehy, and Shad Horrigan did most of the scoring for the locals, although Zahn, whose three years' experience on St. Mary's Fighting Irish of Huntington had accustomed him to real competition, was the only member on the St. Joe aggregation to get within crisp shot range of the basket.

The start of the game roused the College hopes to pitiful heights when Zahn and Gollner found the ropes for a six point lead. Sotock and Ryan, however, quickly covered it and from then on they kept the lead. An exasperating, though clever bit of freezing just before the final gun, staved off a desperate St. Joe spurt, and Sotock bade farewell to Collegeville with a final, dizzy, floor shot a few seconds before the finish.

SIXTHS VICTORIOUS OVER FOURTHS 16-12

After losing to the Thirds 35-26, the Sixths promptly got back on the winning side of the ledger

by defeating the Fourths 16-12 in the last game of the Senior league schedule. Following a first half preliminary between the two reserve teams in which the Sixths, led by Carmen Nardecchia with four points, came out ahead 10-6, the regulars came in, and the game began in earnest. Before long the score was tied at 12 all. For almost a whole quarter the score remained deadlocked, but finally Pete Koller arched one in from the side to break the tie, and just as the whistle blew Bob Zahn threw in a beautiful one-handed shot, the last basket of the Senior league for 1931-32.

SIXTH AC'S TIE SERIES; WIN 25-14

The Sixth Ac's launched a surprise attack in the second game of the Ac play-off to defeat the Fourths 25-14 and thus leveled the score of the series at one all. The Fourths were slightly overconfident, and the Sixths followed up their advantage garnering a seven point lead in the first half. Tommy Harris played an unusually fine game at forward for the Sixths, with Maloney and Lemkuhl as auxiliaries. From the opening tip off it was evident that the Sixths were out to win, and they did outclass their former victors by a wide margin.

COLLEGE AGAIN TRIUMPHS 34-29

A third quarter rally, which gave them a fourteen point lead, enabled the College to defeat the Hi-School 34-29, and thus take the annual basketball series, two games to one. The trio of high point men for the College were Manoski, Danehy, and Koller. Scheidler, Hession, and Steinhauser shared scoring honors for the Hi-School. The score at the half was 10-7 in favor of the Hi-School.

The game got off to a very slow start, the only

scoring in the first quarter being two baskets for the Hi-School by Eddie Hession, and one by Pete Koller for the College. In the second quarter, however, things began to happen. Red Lammers sunk one from the side. Shad Horrigan scored from underneath. Tink Forsee fouled Koller as he shot, and Pete made one of the tosses good. Rusty Scheidler fouled Tom Danehy as he shot, and Tom also made one of the tosses good. Gollner dropped in a free throw. Stan Manoski drove under for a bucket, and the half ended as Horrigan scored from under the basket on an out of bounds play. Score: Hi-School 10; College 7.

Paul Miller opened the second half with an overhead shot in the foul circle. Danehy raced under to lay one away. Manoski scored from under the nets. Ray Leonard knotted the count at 12 all with a gift toss. Koller put the College into the lead 14-12 with an under-basket flip and the Hi-School called time out. Danehy came in for three baskets in rapid succession to widen the gap. Manoski took a neat pass from Bob Zahn to score, and then sent one breezing through the meshes from center. Koller arched one in from the side. Hession dropped in a couple free throws. Forsee sunk a long one. Al Mayer retaliated with another long one. Manoski scored from underneath, and the quarter ended. Score: College 30; Hi-School 16.

Scheidler opened the fourth quarter with a long one from the side, and another one under the basket. Conroy, Siebeneck, Gollner, and Ritter, came in. Gollner registered a foul shot. Scheidler counted on a charity toss. Jim Conroy and Rusty Scheidler tangled in a couple double fouls for two points apiece. Captain Mayer caged a technical on Hession. Steinhäuser entered the game for Scheidler and imme-

diately started a rally by dribbling in for three rapid field goals. Danehy and Manoski were rushed back into the fray, however, and the rally was squelched. The game ended. Score: College 34; Hi-School 29.

The line-up:

COLLEGE (34)	B	F	P	HI-SCHOOL (29)	B	F	P
Manoski, f. -----	5	0	4	Hession, f. -----	2	2	2
Conroy, f. -----	0	2	3	Miller, f. -----	1	0	2
Danehy, f. -----	4	1	1	Downey, f. -----	0	0	0
Siebeneck, f. -----	0	0	0	Forsee, f. -----	1	0	1
Gollner, c. -----	0	2	1	Steinhauser, c. -----	3	0	0
Leonard, c. -----	0	1	2	Horrigan, c. -----	2	0	4
Zahn, g. -----	0	0	2	Lammers, g. -----	1	0	1
Ritter, g. -----	0	0	0	Fontana, g. -----	0	0	1
Koller, g. -----	3	1	4	Scheidler, g. -----	2	3	4
Mayer, g. -----	1	1	0				

Totals -----	13	8	17	-----	12	5	15
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Officials—Nardecchia, Zeigler.

SIXTHS WIN AC DIADEM 37-24

In the last scheduled basketball game of the season, the Sixth Acs overcame the Fourths to capture the third straight pennant for the Sixth class. The contest was replete with fouls, and was played to a very meagre crowd, but Lange, Harris, Maloney, Wirtz, all exhibited a fine brand of basketball. Lange coolly tacked up fifteen points to lead the scoring. Fourth year play, utterly unlike their former style, was very ragged and loose. Dub Welch alone played up to mid-season form, and chalked up ten points to terminate his best performance of the year. As in their previous engagement the upper classmen called upon superior punch to decide the contest in their favor. Altogether, this game ended what was one of the best Ac seasons held at St. Joe's for a long time.

THE ALL-STARS

Now that the basketball season is over, the Collegian hereby wishes to present its All-Stars:

Seniors	Acs	Midgets
F. Danehy (C)	Welch	Wight
F. Manoski	Lange (C)	Thornbury
C. Horrigan	Maloney	Ottenweller
G. Zahn	Elder, F.	Kuhn, U.
G. Scheidler	Wirtz	Zimmerman (C)

Honorable mentions:

Seniors—Hession, Koller, Gollner, Fontana, and Lammers.

Acs—Minick, Henderlong, Harris, Woodard, Kostka, and Dwyer.

Midgets—Jordan, Petro, Scholl, and Andres.



A SAD, SAD STORY

Every nerve was taut. His every sense was strained to the highest pitch. Slowly, very slowly he turned the knobs, anxiously noticing the effect of every deviation. He must not turn too fast, or surely he would lose it. A fine adjustment now would just get it and then—success! He twisted the knob to the right very slowly. Eureka—he had it. The hot and cold water for his shower was adjusted just right.

Andres—Could you pass the bread?

Seifert—I think I can—I moved pianos all summer.

Biven—What have you there?

Binkley—Insect powder.

Biven—Good Heavens? You aren't going to commit suicide?

Coleman—Jonah's whale was larger than a motor bus, they say.

Mayer—Sure, but it never carried more than one passenger.

“Hey, Rastus. Lemme present mah wife to you.”

“No, suh, boy; I'se got one of my own.”

Lady—Aren't you the same man I gave some biscuits to last week?

Schnurr—No, mum, and the doctor says that I'll never be the same.

Pike—They say there's a fool born every minute.

Beeler—It's a pity they don't die as rapidly.

BELIEVE IT OR WHAT?

Manager “Red” Dwyer of the local pool room has discovered a new “ray” which is believed to be even superior to the “ultra.” The new ray is called the “WHOOZ-RAY”. It is rumored that Wurm and Leonard have yet to be beat in pool this year. Nice going Boys.

Up and atom, sez ye molecule.

Gollner—When was tennis first mentioned in the Bible?

One of Six—Bite me?

Gollner—When Joseph first served in Pharaoh's court.

Thomas Heilman was not allowed to play the "Yacht Races". The contest required much wind blowing, and it is rumored that the rules committee ruled poor Tom out, after he had taken ten straight races. Atta boy Tom, we knew nobody could beat you.

Wuest—Why all the drilling on the campus? I thought this was a medical school.

Zenz—Well, it is. Those are the dentists.

Doody—Have you read "Freckles"?

Schroeder—No, mine are brown.

And it is reported that Grand Canyon was made by a Scotchman who dropped a nickle in a gopher hole.

Wirtz—This penny doesn't ring good?

Seifert—What do you want for a penny—a set of chimes?

Fish Dealer Lefko—Fresh, lady? Why that fish just breathed it's last as you came in the door.

Customer—And what a breath it had.

And Boys, let me warn you against the wolf in a sheep's garb, Joe Otte. What's the next game going to be Joe?

Jim Conroy is staying away from vegetables. He thinks they cause cauliflower ears. Oh no, Jimmie, just eat away to your heart's desire.

Palace Theatre

Sunday, Monday and Tuesday

April 17, 18, 19

“THE PLAY GIRL”

*Watch for other Feature
Films this month*

FOR ALUMNI DAY

The C. L. S. Stages

A ROLLYING MODERN COMEDY

“Three Wise Fools”

A Play that Blends the Elements of Laughter

and Tears and Suspense.

DON'T MISS IT!

Candy

Soft Drinks

Ice Cream

Good Eats

Cheerful Service

Smokes

Magazines

Wright's Restaurant

"St. Joe's Boys are always welcome."

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Have enjoyed making the photographs for the Class of 1931. Only our highest grade workmanship is used in all school work. We will be pleased to have our representative call and submit samples and prices for any class work.

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"IT'S A FOOD"

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Attorney-At-Law

Rensselaer, Indiana

**College Side Lunch
and**

Service Station

James Jonas, Prop.


HOTEL

HOOSIER INN

DR. W. L. GRANT

Dentist

Above the Fashion



*Quality
Wise*

Serve...

EDELWEISS

JOHN SEXTON & CO.
MANUFACTURING WHOLESALE GROCERS
CHICAGO

The advertisement features a central illustration of a smiling chef in a white uniform and tall hat, holding a can of Edelweiss Lima Beans. The can is labeled 'EDELWEISS' and 'LIMA BEANS' with a small logo. The text 'Quality Wise' is written in a stylized script above the chef, and 'Serve...' is written below it. At the bottom, the brand name 'EDELWEISS' is in large, bold, block letters. Below that, the company name 'JOHN SEXTON & CO.' is in bold, followed by 'MANUFACTURING WHOLESALE GROCERS' and 'CHICAGO' in smaller text. The entire advertisement is framed by two vertical rectangular borders on either side.

O'Riley's Bakery

PASTRIES SATISFY

THAT WISH FOR

AN EXTRA SWEET

Nub's Place

POCKET BILLIARDS

TOBACCO

SOFT DRINKS

CANDY

FACULTY

STUDENTS

Patronize the advertizers whose kind co-operation
contributes much to the success of this
publication.

Students of St. Joseph's! Make
FENDIG'S REXALL DRUG STORE
Your Headquarters when in the city.
You will find it a good service station.

EMMET M. LaRUE
Attorney At Law
Rensselaer, Indiana

STATE BANK OF RENSSELAER
Some are Larger None are Better Few as Good
"Safety First Is Our Motto"

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Both Portable and Standard Makes
Also Typewriter Paper in large and small quantities
THE JASPER COUNTY DEMOCRAT
Phone — 315

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